Charlie Chaplin Back With Honor Given by France

Made an Officer of the Institute of Public Instruction.

Charlie Chaplin landed here yesterday from the Cunard liner Berengaria, glad to arrive in a country which, in spite of its occasional lynchings, doesn't mob a man for being popular. He was also full of the Wells spell, counting as his most enjoyable experience in England a week-end spent with H. G. Wells, and announcing that he would film one of this novelist's stories, "The History of Mr. Polly," having put the finishing touch on arrangements with his own fair hands.

Along with these memories the noted film comedian prized highly the insignia of the Beaux Arts, presented to him by the French Minister of Public Instruction with much eclat, but without any kiss. This followed the presentation by Chaplin in Paris of his comedy, "The Kid," at the Trocadero Theatre, when, following the performance for the devastated regions of France, Chaplin was called to the box of Leon Berard, who conferred on him the purple button and parchment which made him an officer of the Institute of Public Instruction and entitled him to be considered one of the world's uplifters.

His impression of England after an absence of eleven years was that a wistful anxiety prevailed, but that the people seemed convinced that their troubles would soon flit from them. The English girls Chaplin found more subtle than the French, who were too obvious; but he insisted that he made these observations purely as a disinterested and innocent bystander.

At the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in London, he said, he received 53,000 letters and had to employ six stenographers to make sure his correspondence would not imprison him. There were also 15,000 books sent to him with requests that he autograph and return them, and Chaplin appears to have lost whatever taste he once had for writing.

Among all the ovations he received abroad he was most touched by the demonstration in his favor by the cockneys of his home city.

"Their's was a greeting from the heart that affected me," he said. "Although there was a big crowd wherever I went, I felt that some of the persons were curiosity seekers. When I landed in London and my friends were jostled out of sight by the bobbies, who meant well, a man suddenly popped into the automobile and I asked him who he was.

"'Just one of your fans, I guess,' he said. 'The policemen threw me in here.' So I took him along."

Chaplin said he would remain about a week at the Hotel Ambassador here and then go to Los Angeles to do two comedies and a drama.

Among the friends he made on the steamship were Cecil M. Hepworth, managing director of Hepworth Picture Plays, Ltd., one of the leading movie companies of England, and Miss Alma Taylor, one of the prominent English screen actresses.

SUES FOR $10,000 FOR DEATH OF DOG ACTOR

F. M. Stone Blames Film Makers for Pet's Loss.

Frank M. Stone, vaudeville actor, sued yesterday in the Supreme Court for $10,000 damages from Warner Bros., motion picture producers, because his Dalmatian dog Sherlock Holmes was poisoned while working with his master in a picture the producers were filming last June at Delaware Water Gap.

Stone says he has "suffered great pecuniary loss, mental anguish and the loss of the comfort and society of this dog" through the carelessness and negligence of the defendants in failing to provide "proper and suitable materials" for the dog during rehearsals of the picture. He recites that the dog was considered to have a "high degree of intelligence and was continuously in demand by theatrical managers."

WAITE HOYT IN VAUDEVILLE.

Star Ball Player Makes Debut as Singer in Brooklyn.

Another sweet singer of the diamond arose yesterday in Waite Hoyt, when he made his vaudeville debut at Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn, and gave the folks of his home town a chance to say whether he might not have lulled the Giants to sleep by singing as well as pitching for the Yankees in the world series. He warbled a baseball parody, "How Many Times," in a voice that had a fair amount of control, though not as much as his fast ball, but when it came to telling stories he was a rough diamond.

He explained that he wasn't accustomed to talking, generally having found he could express himself most effectively with his hands. However, he displayed an easy stage presence, having come by it rightfully as the son of Add Hoyt, one time minstrel man, but also from having faced even larger crowds in the grand stands. The fans caught his stuff readily. He is also putting 'em over the plate—or plates—at Reisenweber's with Sally Fields this week.

MISS BORDONI AT PALACE.

Wears New Gowns and Sings Spanish and French Songs.

The Palace bunches a number of hits just like the Yankees this week, with Irene Bordoni cracking out several hot liners in the way of songs. Miss Bordoni, fully fortified with striking new gowns, carolled an English song, a Spanish ditty with an entrancing lilt, which she explained to the audience, and a French piece which she did not find it necessary to explain, as she used her very dramatic eyes.

The Avon Comedy Four made the biggest hit with those connoisseurs, the ushers, at the Riverside. Harry Fox in William Collier's skit, "Interruption," was the greatest influence for good at the Colonial.

At Proctor's Fifth Avenue Miss Mignonette Kokin and company made the strongest bid for immortality. At Proctor's Twenty-third Street Laurie Ordway was foremost in social service work.

FIELDS AT WINTER GARDEN.

Lew Fields, in a condensed version of "Snapshots of 1921," with a company of 24, was the principal gem in the Winter Garden diadem of vaudeville yesterday. In the comedy scenes, which finished with that spectacular, iridescent setting which could be enjoyed even by persons with astigmatism when it was at the Selwyn Theatre, Fields frolicked as though fate were perfectly foolish in setting a time limit to a man's activities.

Jimmy Hussey, in his amusing specialties, a dehydrated version of "The Mimic World," formerly at the Promenade Theatre, was the chief attraction at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

JUDELS IN "LOVE LETTER."

Charles Judels last night replaced Will West as principal comedian with John Charles Thomas in "The Love Letter" at the Globe Theatre. It is understood Mr. West returns to England. Mr. Judels was last seen in "Mary."

BARRYMORE'S NOTABLE ACTING MAKES 'THE CLAW' ENDURABLE

Henri Bernstein's Emotional Drama of French Life Distinguished by American Star's Work.

Henry Bernstein's old play, "The Claw"—it is old as contemporaneous works of the kind go since Paris saw it in 1906—arrived belatedly on the local stage last night. It was, of course, the artistic needs of an actor, rather than any national interest in the theme, that brought the play finally into the vernacular. Arthur Hopkins selected it as a medium of bringing again before the public the talented Lionel Barrymore. The leading part offers unusual opportunities to such a player.

"The Claw" tells the story of a man's destruction through his passionate love of a woman who is enough younger than he to make the business of fooling him completely a simple task in her practised hands. He is a journalist, and since the French drama loves to savor its inevitable preponderance of sex with the saving grace of politics, he is by way of being a Socialist high in the esteem of his party. The girl he married was no better than she might have been, so her scheming for a good match was necessary. Yet the husband was not always deceived.

He knew her faithlessness and yielded to his passion for her, even to the extent of jeopardizing his honor in the effort to get the means of gratifying her demands. It is doubtful if the world ever is really sorry for any man who lets himself be brought to perdition by his love for a woman. So the descent of the Socialistic journalist down the primrose path, with his cutie leading him by the nose, propably awakened little sympathy in the hearts of the audience.

All that makes "The Claw" vivid is the acting of Mr. Barrymore. His evil genius incarnated in the blonde slimness of Miss Irene Fenwick even brings the central figure of the play to his knees before his bitterest enemy. Here is the "big scene" inevitable in the plays of Bernstein and due usually at this point of their progress. Ten years of bitter experience have taught the blinded husband something of his wife's character. The last possible indignity she can heap on him is the acceptance of his enemy as her lover.

It is to implore him not to gratify her that he humbles himself before his bitterest foe. In a long speech of the usual Bernstein type at this juncture, Mr. Barrymore with wonderful eloquence, with every tone rich in the speech of misery, implores his foe to spare him his last possible hurt. Mr. Barrymore sounded the depth of human despair and his face pictured the greatest mental agony conceivable. It was remarkably fine acting, and the audience recalled the artist repeatedly.

Other phases of the man had been graphically shown before this climax. He was the infatuated lover of middle age and then the blinded husband cheerfully following the faithless woman to the ruin she was planning for him. But it was in his bitter prayer for mercy to his enemy that Mr. Barrymore most poignantly drew the depths of human despair.

So for the sake of this fine actor's virtuosity "The Claw" may be tolerated. It is a characteristically emotional and artificial product of the Bernstein theatre. To none but a French audience can there be in it the least trace of nature or humanity. The characters breathe the overheated air of the French melodrama, thick with its suggestions of sex, and they act in accordance with a code of ethics incomprehensible anywhere else.

The playwright has of course wrought the drama with his customary skill. Its pictures of four epochs of an old man's life when he is guided by his love for a girl the age of his daughter are clearly and logically drawn, according to the Gallic theories of life. To an American audience the whole thing is preposterously artificial and untrue to any but a French—perhaps a Parisian—view of life.

But Mr. Barrymore's art excuses it if it does not glorify "The Claw." There was some other excellent acting. Then the direction of Arthur Hopkins added its intelligence and artistic repose. But, Mr. Hopkins, how about the false wife and her father shaking hands in triumph over their victim? What an old and theatrical device for this day! Miss Fenwick was alluring as the young wife and Miss Doris Rankin, in spite of her immobility of speech and manner, played admirably her share in the third act. Giorgio Majeroni and E. J. Ballantine were other capable actors. The adaptation is the work of E. D. Dunn and Louis Wolheim.

LAUDER SETS THEM SINGING WITH HIM

Enthusiastic Welcome as He Starts His Tour.

A little white haired mother of a strapping army captain who sat beside her last night in the second row of the Lexington Theatre saw Harry Lauder—Sir Harry—prance upon the stage, his kilts flopping merrily as he gave a Scotch version of "Down by the O-Hi-O," and such a fervor of admiration seized her that she applauded even while the overseas comedian was in the middle of a song. A few seats away a child hardly old enough to be in a theatre had the greatest night of her young life, judging from her demeanor.

Such is the range of the appeal of this "sob sister in kilts," and his homely ballads of life and love in auld Scotland reached hearts and stirred the emotions till he had a capacity house side-splitting, then singing roundly with him and again sentimentalizing over the pictures he painted in song and chatter. This beginning of his annual American tour was a success.

Sir Harry's Jolsonian song about the lassie out in Ohio, and one distinctly Scotch, called "O'er the Hill to Ardentiny," had a ragtime lilt happily missing in a sweet ballad, "Somebody Waiting for Me."

But the song that brought down the house most—everything was received rapturously—showed Harry a man who used to be twenty-one but whose chronic cough can be cured now only by "Dewar's cough mixture—a bottle a day."

'A BACHELOR'S NIGHT' GIVES AUDIENCE CHILL

Farce at the Park Seems Quite Hopeless.

A cool breeze sifted through the Park Theatre last night when John Cort presented a new farce, "A Bachelor's Night," but the breath of frost did not seem to affect the players in this extraordinary attempt to implant a kick in Columbus Circle now that Pabst's has lost speed. Only the audience appeared to feel the approaching chill of rigor mortis.

The actors, evidently having seen "Erminie" when it was at the same house, invariably came down to the footlights and whooped their lines in the most enthusiastic operetta fashion. If the aim had been to present operetta—though only a luridly red phonograph supplied music for this piece—it was too bad an effort wasn't made to revive "Erminie" again on the same day as this strange new compound, for "Erminie," while old was good. This farce followed the same unearthly ritual as "The Girl in the Limousine" and other pieces in which the author, Wilson Collison, has been involved.

In a foreword on the programme he tries artfully to draw the critical claws. What he says is true about the play having "the usual opening and shutting of doors, and people appearing and disappearing," as well as the possibility of ending the story in the first act as well as in the third, but his statement that it was written for laughing purposes might also be accepted at its face value if the dramatist could prove that at least he laughed at it himself.

Maybe he did find something amusing in the idea of having a maid sublet her bachelor master's apartment while he's fishing, of having him return unexpectedly just when a second woman has dashed into the house with her skirt torn in a taxicab accident and of having his mother turn up and mistake the second woman in negligee for his recent bride, while no player seems to feel he or she can act without the full force of lungs, arms, shoulders, eyebrows and elbows.

As all the characters come trailing in during a storm, it is but natural that they should have a lot of mud in their conversation. Mud may have its uses, but it could not furnish a substantial foundation for this unplausible mixture. Among the bad plays of the season it is a triumph. The double entendre is worked till it yells for help.

Miss Luella Gear was the only player who seemed to realize that a human being might happen in the worst regulated farce. Miss Lilyan Tashman babbled "gold diggerisms" that meant nothing and Miss Amy Ongley caterwauled through a part that Miss May Vokes might have made tell, while the rest of the cast seemed to be chasing their coat tails, amid the most funereal setting of the season.

"THE GRAND DUKE" STAGED.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17.—In Ford's here to-night David Belasco produced "The Grand Duke," a French comedy by Sacha Guitry, author of "Deburau," before a distinguished audience, with Lionel Atwill in the title role. Mr. Atwill, whose *Deburau* is well remembered, gave an original portrayal of the chief figure in the play, which had great vogue in Paris. The *Grand Duke's* amusing and often amazing adventures create a gayety of atmosphere. The English version of the play is by Achmed Abdullah. Miss Lina Abarbanell, Miss Vivian Tobin, Morgan Farley and John L. Shine are in the cast.

Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland occupied a box with a party of friends.

An Open Letter To The Great Charlie Chaplin:

Yesterday you returned to the land of your adoption—America—after a visit to the land of your birth—England—and a pleasant vacation in France. In all countries you are loved and adored, for you have brought joy to millions of people throughout the world.

Now that you have been acclaimed in these other lands with an enthusiasm and a fervor accorded only to those great individuals who occasionally flash like beacon lights in the history of the world; now that rumors come that you may be knighted by England's King and become Sir Charles Chaplin; now that the French Minister of Fine Arts in Paris has decorated you for your artistic achievements in the world of the photoplay—we are glad, proud, and happy to welcome you back to your own dear America.

To fittingly celebrate your return and show our appreciation of you and how much New York really loves you, we beg to extend herewith an invitation to attend tonight (Tuesday) the presentation by Goldwyn at the Astor Theatre of the sensational Italian screen spectacle, "Theodora," made by the Unione Cinematografica Italiana in Italy. This picture has been hailed as the greatest and most wonderful accomplishment ever known in the realm of motion pictures; and we would consider it an honor to have this great spectacle seen by the one man who is the universal idol of all those who love motion pictures.

We will hold a box for you and your party at the Astor Theatre, tonight, and we hope you will not disappoint your admirers who join us in the hope that you will be there.

Once more expressing our sincere admiration for your great artistic genius and for your lovable qualities which have so endeared you to the entire world, we are,

Cordially yours,
GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION,
Per Samuel Goldwyn, President.

ASTOR THEATRE, Broadway & 45th St.